

Photo Finish

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Photo Finish

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Summary

When George finally flew out to Florida to meet his boyfriend, the last thing he thought he'd be doing was an impromptu photo shoot in his room for his new line of merchandise. Dream had been especially enthusiastic about offering his services as a photographer.

(In which George asks Dream to take risque photos of him, as a reminder of their first time together.)

Notes

I never expected to see so much support for my other works so here's to hoping you guys like this one as well! I apologize if their dynamics feel like switching or doing whatever, I wrote this over the course of several days lol.

If George ever did a full photoshoot with his merch it would be the end of me, probably.

Dream Team if you ever come across this, no you didn't.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

"C'mon, just another shot."

"Okay."

When George finally flew out to Florida to meet his boyfriend, the last thing he thought he'd be doing was an impromptu photo shoot in his room for his new line of merchandise. Dream had been especially enthusiastic about offering his services as a photographer.

"Have you seen my angles?" Dream scoffed, showing George his phone. "Look! This would make so many people get your merch, I swear."

George rolled his eyes. "As if they needed another reason to. Aren't I enough?"

"Okay, but like, look." George peered at the photos. Dream wasn't lying—he looked *good*, and it wasn't just because of his natural looks. Dream had directed him through his poses, making sure that the light reflected perfectly off his curves and showcased his clothes properly.

"That's *good*," George said, wide-eyed. "Okay, no, that's an understatement. You're *amazing*."

"Nothing but the best for my *adorable* boyfriend." Dream batted his eyelashes playfully, earning him a smack on the arm.

"I'll show you adorable!" George declared, poking Dream in random places on his body.

"Ah! No! George! Stop!" Dream shrieked in laughter, almost dropping his phone as he fell back onto the bed, his legs hanging off the edge. "No! Hahahahaha!!!"

George finally relented, crossing his arms over his chest. "I'm *not* adorable," he said. "I'm hot as hell."

Dream propped himself up on his elbows. "Oh yeah?" A smirk tugged on the end of his mouth. "Prove it to me, George."

"What, my own boyfriend doesn't think I'm hot?" George grinned, resting his arms on his head and cocking his hip to the side. "Don't think I'm sexy enough?" He didn't miss the way Dream's eyes roamed over his body, his jaw slackened. "Take a picture, it'll last longer."

"You wouldn't mind?" Dream asked immediately, surprised. George let his pose drop for a second, thinking deeply.

"I guess it's fine," he finally replied. "Just don't share them with anyone else, okay?"

"How could I," Dream began, readying his phone, "when I could have you all to myself?"

George let him take a few snapshots, his cheeks warm and red from the compliments Dream threw his way. "Any—Any poses you'd want me to try?"

"I want..." Dream ducked his head to the side, the rest of his words inaudible to George.

"What?"

"I want you to lift your hoodie with... with your mouth."

"Oh!" His face burned brighter. "I can do that."

He pulled the hem of his hoodie with his teeth, revealing the plain black shirt he wore underneath.

One hand nervously ran through his own hair. Dream's breath hitched as he took two more photographs.

"Am I doing it right?" George asked.

"You're doing so well, George," Dream whispered back, his eyes growing lidded. "You're so handsome, you know that, right?"

George giggled flusteredly. "Wait, wait—I have an idea." He removes the spit-stained hoodie and repeats the pose, this time baring his chest and his lean stomach for Dream to see. "Better?"

"*Better*," Dream practically growled, his grip on his phone shaking. George grinned as he let Dream take enough pictures to his heart's content.

"Any others you've got in mind?"

"I-It's fine," Dream said, breathing heavily as he scrolled through his camera roll. "I've got enough for me, and for your merch. Wanna make the post now?"

George straddled Dream's lap, causing the taller man to put his phone away. He lifted his shirt over his head, throwing it onto the bed along with the hoodie.

"G-George?"

"Are you *sure* you have enough?" George asked, circling his arms around Dream's neck. "I'll be leaving back for England in a few days..."

"I know," Dream said in an anguished whisper, his arms slinking around George's waist. "I wish you could stay with me forever, but..."

"Let's make this moment last longer."

Dream's eyes widened as the pieces clicked together in his head. "George, I could never ask that of you—"

"But I want you to," George insisted. "Take more pictures of me, Dream. Don't ever let me forget this day." He grinded his hips against Dream's growing erection.

"*George*," Dream groaned, pulling their chests flush to each other. "If I didn't know any better, I'd call you an exhibitionist."

George laughed. "I'm not," he whispered against Dream's lips, "I'm doing this for you and your eyes only."

Dream captured his mouth in a rough kiss, nipping at his lips and thrusting his tongue inside. George whimpered, bucking against him while his hand gripped the back of Dream's head.

"Moan for me," Dream said breathily, breaking the kiss and running his hands down George's back.

"Mmm, make me." George grinned devilishly. He suddenly cried in alarm when Dream flipped them over, his back landing on the soft bed. Dream easily towered over him, pressing another hungry kiss to his lips before eagerly nipping down his jaw.

"Ah—" George bit his lip to keep himself from crying out. "Mmmnngh..."

"George," Dream purred against his neck, "I want to hear you."

"You'll have to try harder than t-that." George tried to move, but Dream kept his wrists pinned in place. Dream merely stared at him with a smirk, suddenly biting down and leaving a pretty mark right by his collar. George gripped Dream's hair *hard*, trying not to let a moan slip from his mouth.

Dream's lips trailed down his chest, teasing one nipple with his tongue before licking a stripe down his stomach and leaving a small kiss right below his navel.

"Dream," George gasped, arching his back. "I need... I need—"

Dream moved back up to suckle at his chest, making George cry out.

"Ah! Ahh, *Dream*—!"

"Good boy," he hummed triumphantly, rubbing circles into George's palms with his thumbs. "So good."

"Dream," George practically sobbed, "Need you, please..."

Dream obliged, pulling away for a moment before devouring George's mouth again with sloppy, well-earned kisses, leaving a strand of saliva between their lips when he broke it off.

"So good," Dream repeated, reaching for his phone. "So *pretty* for me."

George remained on the bed in a daze. In his haze of lust, he'd nearly forgotten that he agreed to let Dream take pictures of his body—his *naked* body—which would be absolutely wrecked afterwards, by the way things were going. Part of him felt the need to cover himself up, but the other half of him felt excited at the prospect of showing off his marks, even though the only one person who would ever get to see them was the one who placed them there himself.

"Dreammm," he pouted, rubbing the tent on his jeans with one hand. "Take care of me, please?"

Dream quickly removed his shirt before he gently pried George's hand away from his crotch.

"Soon, darling," he whispered, sending a shiver through George's spine.

He helped pull off his pants and his undergarments, with George trying his best to kick them off of him. Dream moved down between George's legs, pushing apart his knees and spreading them open.

"George," he sighed fondly, staring at the hard, leaking cock before him. "Let me take a quick pic."

"*Hurry*," George whined in reply.

"So hard for me, aren't you?" Dream's eyes shined with lust. "I want to see how long you can last."

"Dream, *please*," George whimpered. Dream immediately gripped his thighs with his powerful hands and started kissing down the pale skin, nipping playfully as the soft area, just a few inches shy of where George wanted his mouth to be. He tried to buck his hips but Dream kept him steady, squeezing his leg *hard*.

"If you don't behave, I might end up leaving bruises," Dream warned.

"What if that's what I want you to do?"

"Well, *do you*?" His lips hovered above George's cock, his warm breath making George shiver in

anticipation.

"Dream, please," George begged. Dream finally relented and gave it a little kiss before taking it into his mouth, making George let out the sweetest moan he could ever wish for.

"Good boy," he praised, sending vibrations through his dick. George whined bashfully, his face red and sweaty. Dream licked the underside of his shaft before sucking onto the tip, hollowing his cheeks. He bobbed his head to the sound of George's moans, urging him to go faster.

"Dream," George whimpered, "Dream, I-I'm not gonna last."

Dream pulls away abruptly, making George sputter in alarm.

"I want to see how long you can last, remember?" Dream said, smirking as he stood at the edge of the bed. "It feels so wrong to tease you, but you look so beautiful like this."

"*Dream...*" George whined helplessly.

"I want to put my cock inside you," Dream said in a low whisper. "Would you be okay with that?"

"More than okay," George murmured back, his breath catching in his throat.

Dream smiled and removed his pants, as well as his boxers. George's eyes widened at the size of him; quite a bit longer than average, but undeniably thicker than his own. He licked his lips nervously, feeling the drool coating his tongue.

"Nervous?" Dream asked.

"A bit, yeah," George replied, "but I can take it."

Dream fetched some lube from his drawers before resuming his position between George's legs. He coated his fingers in the stuff, before circling George's taint, the muscle fluttering in anticipation.

"Dreammm," George huffed. "Stop teasing me."

"But you look so perfect," Dream cooed, pushing his slick finger inside, "all flushed and glistening."

"Dream!" George gasped, arching his back. His boyfriend slowly moved the digit inside of him before adding another.

"You're taking this so well," Dream remarked, discreetly taking another photo.

George let out a breathy laugh. "I've been using the thing you sent me months ago."

"Oh?" A pretty red flush crept up on Dream's cheeks. "Can I ask how often?"

"Whenever I miss you..." George bit his lip and turned his head away, trying to hide his pink cheeks.

"That is...?" Another finger joined the other two inside him, stretching and scissoring his hole.

"E-Every night..." The fingers inside him suddenly stop for a second as Dream inhaled sharply. He then kisses George's knee, his free thumb rubbing circles onto his thigh.

"Soon, George," Dream whispered sincerely. "We'll be living together soon, and you won't have to miss me anymore."

"I'd love that," George said, tears pricking at his eyes. "I *need* that. But for now, I want you to take me."

Dream pulled his fingers out, making George whimper from the loss. He moved up to cup George's jaw, kissing his forehead tenderly, then his nose, his cheeks, and finally his lips.

"I love you so much George," Dream murmured.

"I... I love you too, Dream," George sobbed.

Dream smiled fondly at him, capturing his mouth in another sweet, searing kiss before he finally moved, the slick, blunt head of his cock pressing against George's entrance.

"You ready?" he asked.

"Do it Dream," George murmured, his face ablaze.

"I love you," Dream whispers again right as he pushes in. George keened against him, hands clenching onto the sheets. "One last photo, baby, then I'll focus on nothing else but you."

"Please, Dream," George said softly. "I need you."

Dream took one last hurried snapshot, his blood rushing to both his cheeks and his dick as he stared at the spot where they joined together. He quickly placed his phone onto the nightstand before putting all his attention onto George. His boyfriend was panting beautifully beneath him, chest heaving, mouth open in a wet "O".

Dream groped George's ass and gripped his hips before he started pushing in, eliciting a drawn-out moan from George.

"A-Ahh—!"

"You okay?"

"Dream, if you don't move, I *swear* I will—!" Dream suddenly shoves himself inside of him, and George cries out in surprise.

"Fuck! Fuck, sorry George, I'm so—"

"Dream." George pulled him closer, wrapping his legs around his waist. "*Move. Please.*"

Startled, Dream pulled out a bit before going back in, his groin perfectly flush with the roundness of George's ass. He continued his pace, steadily going faster and faster to the melody of George's voice.

"Yes! Dream! A-Ahh!" George screamed, burying his face onto Dream's shoulder. "More! More! More!"

"So *needy*, aren't you?" Dream growled into his ear, fucking into him relentlessly. "You're such a slut, George. Bet that—that toy of yours can't compare to me."

"Dream!" George wailed, his cheeks getting redder. "Dream! Ahh—*fuck*, that feels so *good*."

"I won't let you forget," Dream grunted. "Your ass will remember the shape of my cock by the time the week is done."

"Don't—" George panted, "don't make me forget. I want you, Dream. I need you, only you —*ahhhh!*" George's head was swimming, his mind a confused haze of *Dream* and *yes* and *more*, his cock weeping for the chance to finally cum.

"I love you George," Dream moaned, repeating the words like a mantra. "I love you. *I love you. I love you—!*"

"Dream!" George groaned, his eyes rolling back into his head. "I love you!"

Dream suddenly came inside George, thick ropes of cum spurting from his cock and filling him up to the brim. George followed not too long afterwards, his ass clenching around Dream's softening cock as he came all over their stomachs.

George pulled him down into a messy kiss, running his hands through Dream's sweaty hair. He giggled when he saw his boyfriend's lovestruck expression, smiling fondly at him before giving him another little peck on the lips.

"Last photo?" he teased. "I'm absolutely *wrecked*."

"Only if you let me be in it."

George laughed. "Why would I object to that? I want to see my super hot boyfriend too."

Dream took a photo of the mess he'd left in George's ass, as well as one of George splayed out on the bed, all marked up and covered with his fluids. For the last one, he lied down next to him and snapped a shot of him kissing George's cheek.

"My one photo of you, and it's wholesome," George sighed.

Dream chuckled. "Maybe next time, you could take pictures of me instead."

"I'm not used to these *newfangled* Apple cameras yet," George laughed. "So I'm not sure if I could do you justice. Let's go clean up, I feel all gross and sticky."

"Mmm fine."

When Dream woke up the next morning, the first thing he noticed was the distinct lack of George in his arms. They'd spent the night cuddling with each other, relishing in the amount of time they still had together.

He sat up and reached for his phone, which he left charging on the nightstand. He checked the camera roll and suddenly, the memories of yesterday's events returned to him and he felt his cheeks growing warmer.

He tucked away George's private photos into an encrypted folder, leaving the merch ones out in his gallery.

He should... He really should post those already, or at least ask George to do it—

Oh wait, George! Where was he?

Dream hauled himself out of bed and into the kitchen, where a heavenly smell reached his nose.

Suddenly, there in his green Smile Hoodie and only his boxers, George was frying up something on the stove, humming to himself.

Dream blushed and cleared his throat.

"Oh! Dream!" George turned to face him, smiling brightly. "I made scrambled eggs."

"Eggs are good," Dream said. "Nice hoodie, by the way."

George flushed red, rolling his eyes. "Well, mine got soiled. Thanks to a *certain someone*."

"I like how it's big on you." He wrapped his arms around George's waist, resting his chin on his shoulder. "I love you, George."

"I love you too, Dream." He turned around to give him a little kiss on the nose. "Mind showing me around after breakfast?"

"Of course." Dream grinned. "But before that, we should make your merch announcement post." His smile grew more teasing. "So, which photo suits the mood more? You with your arms up, or the one with us in the bed?"

"D-Dream!"

End Notes

Tell me if I missed a tag or so! Comments and kudos are appreciated! (´ ▽ `)

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